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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 9, 1902. NUMBER 19

Careless where our face is set,
Let us take the open way.
What we are no tongue has told us: Errand goers who forget?
Soldiers heedless of their harry? Pilgrim people gone astray?
We have heard a voice cry "Wander!" That was all we heard it say.

* * * * * * * * * * *

God, who gives the bird its anguish, maketh nothing manifest.
But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of endless quest.

From Road-Hymn for the Start by William Vaughn Moody.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1902. NUMBER 19

If we understand the *Woman's Journal*, the Secretary of the Board of Trade of Omaha is a woman, Miss Lucy C. Harding. She is also agent of the Humane Society and wears a policeman's star. We trust that she will be as successful in protecting the rights of the weak in the first office as she doubtless is in the second office. All the cruelty to animals is not perpetrated on quadrupeds, and small boys are not the only slingers of "rocks" at helpless ones.

UNITY has had much to say of late concerning the abuse of the patronage system in regard to the so-called "charitable institutions" of the state of Illinois. New trouble of this kind appears in regard to the dairy inspections in this state. Fourteen out of fifteen of the milk supply depots for the city of Chicago have been pronounced so filthy that they are a menace to the public health, and the filth is related to delinquent officers, too much politics again. The babes may drink dangerous microbes, but the "friend" must be taken care of.

"A Plea for a Common Protestant Communion Table" is the suggestive title of an article in the *Literary Digest* for January 4. Although the article is more than a column long, the title itself is statement, argument, climax and conclusion. It reaches far beyond the scope of the article in question. Why not a "Common Table"? If so, why limit with the word "Protestant" or even the word "Christian"? He who would fix the bounds of religious fellowship inside of the all-inclusive lines of good will, good deed and good hopes establishes a "communion" that contains an element of irreligion; it is non-Christian and anti-protestant.

It was the privilege of the present writer to attend the winter session of the Illinois Teachers' Association at Springfield, during the holiday week. He was impressed with the fact that although seventy-five percent or upwards of the teaching force of Illinois are women, still this gathering was largely masculine. Men filled the corridors of the hall, occupied the prominent places in the program, and represented the executive energy. The men were where they ought to be, but perhaps some of the women were not where they were needed. We do not believe that the men teachers of Illinois are overpaid or that there are too many of them, quite the contrary, but we fear that many of the women teachers are underpaid and overworked, hence their absence on this occasion, which was full of inspiration and suggestion to the live teacher.

The fourth day of January is the anniversary of the founding of Arbor Day. It was on that day in 1872 that the State Board of Agriculture of Nebraska passed a resolution introduced by J. Sterling Morton that "a day be set apart by the Governor consecrated to tree planting, and to be known as Arbor Day." In 1888 Edmund C. Stedman contributed these lines to the tree-planter:

> "Tribute of fruits be his, and glossy wreaths,
> From roadside trees, and his, the people's love,
> When east and west the wind of summer breathes
> Through orchard, shaded path and sighing grove."

What has thirty years accomplished in this direction? Much more than we can hint at. Who will measure the potency of a beautiful avenue of shade trees? Who will measure the loss that comes from denuded hillsides and devastated forests? We ask in this connection once more before we pass beyond its influence,—what is the right thing to do about the blessed vandalism of Santa Claus, that for the sake of the children annually cuts down great forests that were to be?

The following letter from our associates and colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Thomas, who are now spending the winter in Florida, will interest the friends of humanity everywhere. They offer their service to the non-combatants, helpless children and unarmed women. Will the British government permit them to carry succor and comfort to these helpless ones in the interest of humanity? We shall anxiously watch the result of this diplomatic correspondence in the interest of the holiness of helpfulness.

DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, FLA., Jan. 1, 1902.—Peter Van Vlissingen, Chicago—Dear Friend of the Cause We Love: Our consecration for the New Year is to the American Transvaal League for the service of the suffering Boers. From pulpit, platform and through the press we have pleaded for them, and now we are willing to do.

We hear the words of Christ: "I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

In the name of God and humanity we are ready to go to that far-off land. Gladly will we be the bearers of the generous offerings and deep sympathies of the people of our country of the free to the non-combatants—the aged, the mothers and children, the sick and the dying, whose husbands and fathers are fighting so grandly for home and country, for the rights of man. Affectionately, H. W. THOMAS,
VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

This belated contribution to our symposium on "The Most Useful Books" is none too late to be welcomed in our columns. The opinion of President Jordan carries weight with the readers of UNITY as with all intelligent people in this country, and we are glad of the opportunity of passing on his discriminate judgment concerning the helpful books of Nineteen Hundred and One:

In answer to your letter of some time ago I may say that of the books of 1901 not many have impressed us for their strength or their reality.

Huxley's "Life and Letters" brings up the career of a real man living in a real time, and there is more in this book than in any other I have seen. The one weak spot in Huxley's Philosophy is touched in a little article by Dr. William Keith Brooks. I refer to Huxley's inability to believe that the force of natural selection tends finally to righteousness.

Another honest book of an honest man is Harrison's "Views of an ex-President," though the title is most unfortunate.

Charles Ferguson's "Religion of Democracy" is forcible

and flashing, and must stir up every man who seriously reads it.

Balfour's "Life of Stevenson" is a good piece of biography.

Van Dyke's "The Desert" is a fine piece of description.

Conn's "Method of Evolution" is the best popular book on that subject which has recently appeared, although it is vitiated somewhat by an apparent desire to account for everything rather than to find out what things really mean.

The novels I have read seem mediocre, though there is doubtless good stuff in Kipling's study of "Kim."

Maeterlinck's "Story of a Bee," which is one of the most remarkable things of the kind ever written, if indeed there is anything of just the same kind.

At the very end of the year appeared John Muir's book on "The Parks of the United States," a very noble and very worthy piece of nature study, by one of the great, calm philosophers. DAVID STARR JORDON.

Leland Stanford University.

If the use of alcoholic drinks is vicious, as we believe it to be, and saloons, as tippling places, are concessions to a vicious appetite too strong to be wholly suppressed and consequently controlled so far as possible by license laws; and if Sunday as a day of rest, quiet and recreation is of immense sociological value, of prime economic importance, closely related with the well being of all classes and creeds, as we believe it to be, we believe the Sunday closing of saloons is in the line of that suppression of an evil which commends itself to all lovers of good order and of sobriety. We believe further that even in the largest cities, where the vicious elements are most powerful, that a right-minded mayor, an honest police force, and a lively public sentiment on the part of the law-abiding elements in the community, Sunday closing is a possibility; that the wide-open policy concerning saloons, gambling places or brothels on Sunday or on week day obtains not on account of the uncontrollable vicious appetites of the bad, but on account of the apathy, the complacency and laziness of the good. Chicago has come to an approximate realization of the midnight and Sunday closing of saloons and the abolition of the vicious wine-room snare, not because the worst elements have grown better, but because its better elements have grown more alert and consequently grown better. Let New York not be content with half-hearted measures. It is not always true that a half loaf is more easily obtained than a whole loaf. Ethics thrives by direct measures and the uncompromising spirit. When saloons are closed on Sunday one-seventh of the desirable end will be attained.

The papers report an unusually large number of failures among the freshmen of a certain university, and they report the faculty at a loss to know how to account for the large number of girls and boys who have failed to come up to the study requirements. To an outsider the explanation is not far to seek. A part of it, at least, is found promptly in the gossipping columns of any college paper that is filled with accounts of "debuts," "receptions," "functions," "fraternity pledgings," "rushings," etc., etc. Apropos with this defection in the class room was the conversation that was recently overheard by this writer, of the absolute breakdown of educational plans for the children in certain homes on account of the increasing cost of college education, the imperative money burden of the up-to-date boy and girl in the up-to-date college, that compels them to say, with tears in their eyes to self-denying father and mother, "I had rather not go to college at all than to go without being able to do my part, be something and do something like the others." The youths who belong to the "favored" homes of America are trying a difficult experiment, that is, of expressing college life in terms of society. Probably their experiment is to end in failure and college as an introduction to society will prove a disappointment. There is and always must be a monastic element in science and philosophy, a high but happy austerity belongs to scholarship, simplicity is indispensable to the true student. Let there be fewer "functions" and there will be fewer failures at examinations. The girl who wants "to get into society" had better stay out of school, and the young man who has already initiated himself to the cigar, is enamored of his beer and his wines, had better leave school before he gets any worse.

The Camera as an Instrument of Grace.

In a recent number of *Social Service,* the monthly edited by Josiah Strong and William H. Tolman that throws so much light on social problems and industrial betterment, the Senior Editor tells a story of "Boss Tweed," who once asked Nast, the great cartoonist, to travel a year in Europe at his expense, offering as a reason the following: "My constituents cannot all read, but they can all look at pictures." The cartoonist is still in evidence as a moral force, but probably his power has waned since the day of Thomas Nast, even though his art should again reach the height of Nast at his best, because the conscience as well as the mind has learned to take relief in the thought of exaggeration. The element of untruthfulness in the cartoon makes for debility. But instead of the cartoon as a moral force comes the camera, because the sun tells no lies. There are no exaggerations in its reports, if rightly dealt with. Jacob Riis is a skillful writer; he is a man with a tender heart and noble spirit, but not his pen but his camera did the best work in his greatest of books, "How the Other Half Lives;" and his own splendid story as told in his last book, "The Making of an American," has the stamp of reality and honesty with it, because of the countersign of the sun impressed by the kodak. Governor Pingree, now of blessed memory, let all speak his name with respect, started a laugh all over the country when he suggested his potato-patch helpfulness to city-bound working men and women. But the laugh was changed to admiration and applause when the camera showed the onion beds and cabbage patches bordered with flowers, with happy women and children and sturdy men with the hoe standing in their midst.

The crusade against the smoke nuisance in Chicago has found that the best testimony even in court is the testimony of the camera. It would tell the truth even concerning the Chicago University. When it photographed the black stream of soot pouring out of its high chimneys, apologies and amends were promptly forthcoming.

Sociology, one of the newest of sciences, is awaken-

ing to the value of the camera. Tenement houses, bad and good, vile alleys and model streets, industrial maladjustments, as well as ideal adjustments, are forcibly evidenced by the camera. The magazine referred to above contains convincing pictures of co-operative tenement homes stretching out into winsome streets at Gateshead, Halstead and other cities of England.

These considerations are forced upon us at this time by the reminder of the daily press that the kodak occupied an immense place in the recent pack of Santa Claus. It was among the favorite fruit of the Christmas tree. The camera promises to become a more necessary part of a boy's and girl's equipment next summer than the watch was twenty years ago.

Who can teach these boys and girls that the camera is not a toy, but a tool; not something to fool with, but something to study with? There is a moral poverty, an intellectual vacancy, an artistic crudeness all the more pathetic because unconscious, in the young man or young woman, oftentimes college bred, who goes around with a camera in search of the grotesque and the absurd; whose collection of plates and films carries a mass of distorted comrades and absurd situations.

The camera represents the new hunting in the country, the capturing of life without taking it. In the city it serves the new study of sociology. Let these boys and girls go in search of the triumphs, the noble attitudes, the graceful poses of men and women at work, whether these workers be street-sweepers or college professors. Let them seek the wretched places in our cities, the cruel violations of justice; photograph them that they may stay in their consciences and confront other consciences. It is possible with the camera to make pictures that are arguments, catch scenes that are appeals and faces that invoke prayer. The "camera fiend" is a familiar phrase and not a very unfamiliar character. We await the "camera philosopher"—aye, the "camera angel."

May we call down a New Year blessing upon the new hunter and the student of the divinest of sciences, the science of society, whose best ally is the sun.

Let the camera be consecrated!

Let the kodak be baptized!

Civil Service Meeting at Fine Arts Building.

A word should be added for UNITY readers to what appeared in a former issue regarding the meeting held December 22d, to inaugurate a movement for a State Civil Service Law.

The question whether under the present administration, Trustees of the State Charitable Institutions had been removed for merely political reasons, led to the writing of letters to such as had ceased to be trustees, asking for exact information.

The following letter was one of the first received:

Mr. Frederick W. Burlingham, 118 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your favor of the 5th inst., and have carefully noted the contents. Although I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance and do not now recall that I ever heard of you before, I am deeply impressed by your personal interest in my welfare.

Will you kindly inform me by return mail who it was that gave you the information concerning Governor Yates' notice to me? I beg also to advise you that in this matter you have been most incorrectly advised.

Under the administration of Governor Tanner, the Board of Trustees of the Kankakee Hospital consisted of Messrs. Len. Small, Almet Powell and myself. The superintendent was Dr. Corbus. At the beginning of Governor Yates' administration, I tendered my resignation as trustee, and Governor Yates very reluctantly accepted the same. My reason for doing this was that I could not afford to take from my private affairs the time necessary to devote to the welfare of that great institution. The governor appointed in my place the Hon. J. C. Murphy, of Douglas county, a man of standing, reputation and ability. He made no other changes in the heads of the institution, all of the others above named still retaining their positions, as I would have retained mine if I had not insisted on relinquishing it.

I beg to direct your further attention to the fact that the executive heads of all the charitable institutions of Illinois have been practically unchanged by Governor Yates. Dr. Corbus, who is at the head of the Kankakee Institution, was president for thirty years of the board of charities of this state, and is probably the most distinguished and efficient, as he certainly is the most experienced, official in his line in this country; Drs. Whitman, of Elgin, Taylor of Rock Island, Bennett, of Anna, and Winslow of Jacksonville (up to his death), and most of their supordinates were all retained in office by Governor Yates.

I cordially agree with you that the administration of Governor Tanner, of the charitable institutions was on the highest plane of efficiency and economy.

I beg also to direct your attention to the fact that under the administration of Governor Yates, the policy of his predecessor has been continued, with reference to these institutions, practically without change in policy or personnel of officers.

With reference to the closing clause of your letter, I beg to advise you that you need not regard anything that I have said as confidential, but that you are at entire liberty to make any use of this communication, publicly or privately, that you may see fit.

I have not received a copy of the UNITY mentioned in your letter, but I trust that you, as an editor, therefore, charged with a public responsibility, will see to it that the truth concerning these matters is most widely published.

Any other information of which I may be possessed is most freely at your disposal at any time. I remain,

Very truly yours,

GEORGE T. BUCKINGHAM.

Since Mr. Buckingham has placed his letter in the hands of the press the following answer to it is here printed:

Mr. George T. Buckingham.

DEAR SIR: I have hesitated in answering your letter of December 6 owing to the fact that I could not reply without reflecting if not upon the truthfulness at least upon the sincerity of your statement that you resigned because you "could not afford to take from your private affairs the time necessary to devote to the welfare of that great institution." Since, however, you have placed the correspondence in the hands of the press, a fair consideration of the case, and of your interest in it, at least demands that the further facts be noted.

The "private affairs" which you mention did not apparently prevent your accepting the position of penitentiary commissioner, which you now hold. Furthermore, if I may rely upon the high authority of one of your close friends, this position came to you as a promotion; it would thus appear to an ordinary and unknown citizen, who is however entitled to an opinion on questions that affect the government of his own state, that you resigned your position as trustee at Kankakee not to care for your "private affairs," but because you got a better "job."

Although you received no compensation as trustee at Kankakee, I cannot suppose that the paltry sum of $1,500 a year which you at present receive as penitentiary commissioner would compensate you for the sacrifice of your "private affairs." On the other hand I trust that the importance of your "private affairs" will not prevent your rendering to the public the valuable services for which you are receiving compensation from the public funds.

Your statement that the present administration has continued the policy of Governor Tanner "practically without change in policy or personnel of officers" hardly seems to take account of the fact that in the eleven most important of the charitable institutions of this state, there are now remaining only five old trustees to serve with twenty-eight new, and there are eight of these most important institutions with entirely new boards of trustees. These eleven institutions are called the most important because in the last reported quarter, they expended $362,824, whereas the four remaining institutions spent only $30,670.

If you will take the trouble to read again my first letter to you, you will find that the opinion therein expressed as to the

administration of Governor Tanner is the opinion of Governor Yates and not of myself.

Your letter, together with others, will be printed in this week's edition of UNITY. Very truly yours,

(Signed) FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

The following letter was also received:

Mr. Frederick W. Burlingham, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of the 5th inst., inquiring as to whether Governor Yates had requested my resignation and removed me from office as trustee of the Illinois Northern Hospital for the Insane, at Elgin, Ill., to which I was appointed by Governor Tanner, is received, and I assure you I am deeply affected by this showing of solicitude on your part in my behalf. Especially do I thus feel since I have no remembrance of having the honor of your acquaintance or knew of your existence. I therefore hasten to inform you that I was not removed from such office by Governor Yates for incompetency, negligence or other cause; on the contrary, Governor Yates repeatedly urged and insisted upon my remaining on the board, and accepting a reappointment, but I refused to remain for the reason that I could not give it the necessary time, in justice to my private affairs.

In view of your sincere interest in the welfare and management of the state charitable institutions, as expressed in your letter, I know you will be glad to learn, and I take exceeding great pleasure to inform you that the superintendent, matron, chief clerk, supervisors of the male and female departments appointed under Governor Tanner's administration have been retained under the administration of Governor Yates.

In conclusion I desire you to understand that this communication is not confidential in any degree, but on the contrary, I desire, in view of your deep interest in the charitable institutions, as well as your known desire to give out the truth, I assume that you will make this public.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) W. S. COWEN.

The impersonal tone of this letter leaves something to be desired, but the facts mentioned are interesting, and the writer will be glad to verify them.

The following letter is apparently the stereotyped form sent out by Governor Yates to trustees whom he desired to remove:

April 18, 1901.

MY DEAR SIR: I have arrived at the point where I am considering the matter of the reconstruction of the state boards of trustees, and have decided that it is desirable, before I begin such reconstruction, to have upon my desk the resignations of all the present incumbents, in order that I may feel at perfect liberty to act in all cases.

Please forward me your written resignation, stating that it is to take effect upon acceptance thereof.

Please understand that in making this request, I am animated by no disposition to reflect upon your ability or performance of duty. Very truly yours,

(Signed) RICHARD YATES.

The following letter is the letter sent in accepting the resignation:

MY DEAR SIR: I have accepted your resignation to take effect May 1 and have nominated a successor.

I wish to again assure you that in so doing I have been animated by no disposition to undervalue your services to the state and to say that I appreciate all the courtesies which you have extended to me in this matter.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) RICHARD YATES.

The following extracts are from letters of ex-trustees who had on request resigned, or had in some cases failed of reappointment:

1. "There was never at any time any intimation from Governor Yates that there was any incompetency or mismanagement upon the part of the board either individually or collectively of the affairs of the asylum, but upon the other hand he complimented the management of the institution very highly, and expressed to me himself his regrets that circumstances were such that he couldn't keep me on the board, although I never asked him to do so, knowing that he had more of his personal following that he could take care of."

2. "The only thing in the nature of a charge against me was his complaint to friends of mine that I had not supported him for nomination."

3. "I would not have given the governor my resignation had he made any statement in his letter of request that was a reflection upon my official conduct as trustee."

4. "I called upon the governor. Our talk was but very short until I brought up the subject of a state board of control, and the merit system of appointments, when he cut in with, 'What, would you take all these appointments out of the hands of the governor?'

"I replied that I thought it the best thing for the governor, and especially so as that under the statute he had no authority to make such appointments."

5. "I had a personal friend in whom I was interested that was a storekeeper at the institution. (This storekeeper was highly endorsed by the superintendent.) I wrote the governor a letter in the man's behalf, saying I believed the superintendent would retain him, unless he, the governor, should say he had some one for that place. Shortly afterwards I was in Springfield and met my successor and was told that the governor had taken all appointments in his own hands. I called on the governor and asked about the retention of my friend. He said he would keep him unless there should be such a demand from counties not having representation that he must give it elsewhere. A few days later I received a letter from him in which he says: 'I am sorely distressed because I cannot reappoint your friend, but I had promised the place to a young man who got up at midnight to go a hundred miles in my interest when I was a candidate for the nomination and I must keep my promise.'"

6. "The president of the board told me that the day before they met to make appointments. The governor gave him a list of persons to be appointed."

The following letter shows the manner in which two trustees were forced out under a prior administration:

"He (Governor Tanner) requested the removal of one of the best physicians on the staff simply to make a place for a political henchman of Lorimer's. As president of the board of trustees I explained to him the injustice of such an act. In reply to this letter I received another in which he urged the appointment, to which I replied that I could not consistently comply with his request, because the gentleman whose removal he asked had been one of the most faithful on the staff. This was followed by a demand just as I expected it would be.

"Dr. Lambert, of Galesburg, and myself refused to obey and tendered our resignations."

From 1876 to the time of Governor Altgeld the state records show practically continuous service of both the superintendents and the trustees of the fifteen state charitable institutions. Yet Governor Altgeld removed in these institutions all the superintendents, and but three of the trustees, and these three in smaller institutions; Governor Tanner in the same institutions removed all superintendents and all but four trustees. The record is not and ought not to be bad for the present administration for two reasons. One is that there was no change of party, and the other is that the present administration stands pledged to the "spirit" of the merit system, which would bar changes for merely political reasons.

To correct an earlier misquotation by the writer of the peldge as made by Governor Yates, the following copy of the pledge is quoted from the Chicago *Tribune* of October 30, 1900:

Question I. "The merit system. Shall the present law be retained, and shall the system be extended in spirit and in letter to state institutions? My answer is yes. I am in favor of the merit system.

"I want to say in further answer to the first question, that if I am elected governor of Illinois, and if a law of the assembly, in regard to state institutions passes the legislature, I shall approve it and enforce it, if the enforcement is put by law within the power of the governor."

This pledge is reported identically in the Chicago *Record* and Chicago *Inter Ocean*, so there can be no doubt of its accuracy.

Compared with the pledge as originally quoted there is no substantial variation. The gist of the pledge is the statement as to the "spirit" of the merit system and that remains as originally quoted. It were a needless task to set forth here in detail all this promise would cover. The letters above quoted are here presented, not to prove that the present administration is more guilty than former administrations; not to formulate an attack on the personality or future political career of the present governor, but to show how baneful it is to place in the hands of an elective official the power to make sweeping changes in the state service. Nominations are hard to get; promises must be made to secure support in these imperfect days, when delegates represent not the conscience and unselfish judgment of a community, but the lack of conscience and gluttonous desires of a political boss. That such

promises were made is clearly shadowed in the letters above; that such promises and their later fulfillment square only with political reward and not with efficiency for the work to be done it were folly to deny; the pressure exercised on a newly elected governor is enormous; under our present system politicians argue that counties must have "representation," bosses of counties must have "jobs," "trades" must be carried out, the man who worked for you, probably from the most greedy motives, must be taken care of, and all this disinterested and patriotic service is rewarded by payment that does not drain the pockets of those elected as it should, but impoverishes directly the pockets of the people, by the constant pressure to increase patronage, by the increased cost sure to result from changing the establishment of employes.

More terrible, however, than this heavy pecuniary penalty is the fact that the conscience of the people has not hitherto awakened or has become callous to the gravity of the offence; that we have submitted to this most shameless and degrading extension of the spoils system for eight years without rising and demanding that inasmuch as we claim to be civilized, inasmuch as we have instituted homes for the halt and the blind, therefore these institutions be conducted for the sole benefit of the helpless there confined. This is the claim of justice, it is the demand of humanity. We cannot do less than protect our institutions and government by every safeguard that wisdom and experience have approved.

I cannot refrain in closing from commending the policy pursued by the Chicago *Evening Post,* the strongest and most clear-sighted supporter of the administration in this city; that policy as contained in the following editorial of December 16th, 1901, is one of silence as to the errors of the past which cannot be gainsaid, and promises for the future that will justify the demands of the occasion:

FOR A STATE MERIT LAW.

"Without inquiring into the absolute and literal accuracy of the statements made yesterday at the meeting of citizens interested in civil service reform, and allowing for some exaggeration and overemphasis, it is yet safe to say that none but spoilsmen and petty politicians can object to the matter or spirit of the resolutions adopted. No administration is singled out for censure; it is the "good old plan" itself that is assailed and condemned and that system is, of course, hopelessly discredited.

"If Chicago and New York, with their heterogeneous populations and seething politics, are able to maintain a system of merit appointments and promotions, and if the traditions of spoil policies in the national administration have failed to arrest the steady advance of civil service reform, what valid reason can any honest man assign for making the penal and charitable institutions of this state the last refuge of the heeler, "worker" for revenue only and political trader?

"Ten years ago there was no public sentiment in favor of a radical merit law. Today the necessity for such a law applicable to the state institutions is so generally recognized that debate were a work of supererogation. Therefore the resolutions adopted yesterday will excite no dissent and no opposition. The practical recommendations are excellent. They include a study of the methods employed in other states, the submission to the legislature of a suitable bill, and definite pledging of candidates for the legislature to a civil service measure and the co-operation of all bodies of disinterested citizens desirous of improving the public service.

"The essential thing is to insure in advance sympathetic consideration and proper action by the legislature. You cannot get golden conduct out of leaden instincts. Upright and faithful men will give us sound and antispoils legislation, and we must make a resolute united effort to better the quality of our representation at Springfield. Let a suitable, practical, carefully drawn measure be pushed through the legislature and Governor Yates will sign it with pleasure and gratitude. Last winter's failure must not be repeated, and if public sentiment can be aroused and kept active and vigilant, the legislature will not venture to smother or shelve the proposed reform."

The strong support granted to the movement by the representative papers of Chicago, as evidenced by stirring editorials, is one of the most gratifying results of the meeting. Such encouragement cannot fail to light the way to ultimate success.

FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

Primary Class Work.

(A paper read before the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-Schools).

I do not know that I can bring anything new to the primary workers of this Union, and I would not presume to talk on the subject of primary class work before an audience in a large city like Chicago were it not for some experiences I had last fall in taking up primary work after a rest of several years.

In looking about for helps I naturally went to the Liberal Sunday-schools, where I expected to find the most advanced and progressive ideas in the methods of teaching little children. I received very little help from this source. It seemed to me that liberal people were so taken up with big thoughts for big people that they had entirely overlooked the little folks. Their Sunday-school papers and other periodicals seemed much too old for little children and not at all adapted to them.

About this time some friends of mine told me of the Primary Union held at Handel Hall every week. After visiting this Union I decided that our orthodox friends were very much in advance of us in their methods of teaching. You may know, perhaps, that this Union includes all denominations who use the International Lessons. Between two hundred and three hundred primary teachers meet there every Friday afternoon. The lesson is taught by some of the members. New songs are taught by the teacher in charge of the music. Blackboard drawing is taught by an expert in that line, and a course of study in child nature is being carried on, using the books of Elizabeth Harrison and other noted writers and educators. I have received many good ideas and many helpful suggestions from this organization, and some of these we are using in the work with our little folks. I very much wish that the liberal Sunday-schools of this city were numerous enough to have just such a union.

Some of our methods are, however, original with us. I will try to tell you in a simple way how we conduct our primary class, and offer a few suggestions concerning the work, in the hope that it may be helpful to some of the primary workers in the Liberal Sunday-schools, and let me say to any here who are not primary teachers that many of the primary methods could be used with success in the younger intermediate classes.

Our program is as follows:

I. Opening song.

II. Welcoming new scholars.

The new little people stand in front while the scholars sing a welcome to them. One way we have of encouraging the little people to bring new scholars is this: Last fall the story was told of Jesus walking along the shore of the Sea of Galilee and calling the fishermen to become fishers of men. The children were asked if they would not like to become that kind of fishermen. They were told that by bringing to Sunday-school little boys and girls who did not go to Sunday-school anywhere they would be little fishermen. Each time a child brings a new scholar he is given a little fish made of colored paper. Some of the little folks have quite a string of fish, and they are very much interested in bringing in new scholars.

III. Birthday offerings.

We use a little bank simliar to the one used by the *Daily News* for its Fresh Air Fund. The little birthday child stands in front and the children guess how old he is. The pennies are dropped into the bank one by one, the children counting them as they fall, then the birthday verse is repeated by the class. The verse we use is this:

"We wish thee many happy returns of the day of thy birth;
May sunshine and gladness be given,
And may the Dear Father above prepare thee on earth
For a beautiful birthday in heaven."

This birthday money is given to the Day Nursery at the Settlement—a charity for the babies from the babies. The bank is opened at Christmas time—Jesus' birthday—and is the children's gift to Him. In this way they are taught the significance of the saying: "A cup of cold water," etc., etc.

IV. Song service.

After the birthday offering we sing two or three more songs. Sometimes we take this time to learn a new song. We have found it a difficult matter to get appropriate songs. If the words are beautiful, the music is like a funeral chant, or beyond the power of the little voices. If the music is lively, the words are often not what they should be. Children love lively, "catchy" little airs, and if you put beautiful words full of simple meaning with such music, you have a song that is good for children.

We have a blank book, and whenever we find an appropriate song we paste or copy it in the book. A favorite song with our little folks is "The Robins' Song," with a chorus to be whistled. If you should happen in our Sunday-school room almost any Sunday you would think that a lot of robins had strayed in there.

V. The collection.

The collection is taken and the pennies are counted as they are dropped into a basket. A little verse prayer is then repeated by the class. We use the following:

"Jesus take the gifts we bring to Thee,
Give them something sweet to do;
May they teach some soul to love Thee,
May we love Thee, too."

VI. The Lesson Story.

In teaching the lesson story we should always begin with the concrete and go to the abstract—from the known to the unknown. With a large class of restless little people the teacher must get their attention at the beginning of the story and then it is easy to hold their interest to the end. In preparing the lesson the teacher should select a central truth. Some lessons contain several truths, one seemingly as important as another. But in teaching very young children it is best not to attempt too much in one story. The teacher should decide for herself what she wants to impress most on the minds of the children and then weave her story about this truth. The lesson story should be preceded by a little prelude—something about which the children know; or the lesson may be introduced by a little informal talk between teacher and pupils, the teacher gradually leading up to the Bible story. Most teachers close the story with an application, but I consider that story the best which leaves the child to make his own application of the lesson truth. He may not do it now, perhaps not for years, but he will apply it sometime, unconsciously it may be.

If the secret of successful primary teaching could be put in one sentence, it would be this: "Bring yourself down to the level of the child's mind." If we would understand little children we must be a little child with them. It is because of a failure to recognize this fact that many teachers fail. They are always talking over the heads of the children.

Most people think "Oh, anybody can teach little children," and they add, "You don't have to know much to teach the babies." Well, the truth is, in the teaching of little children, we cannot know too much, and often it takes as much study and preparation to bring our thoughts down to the little mind as it does for the preacher to put his thoughts into eloquent and inspiring words for the grown up. Children do not come to Sunday-school to be preached at, nor to have a lot of thoughts too old for children thrown at them. Such a Sunday-school would be like a little boy's definition of a church: "Oh, a church is an 'achey' sort of a place where a man stands up in front of all the people and 'hollers' awful big words at you, and the only thing a boy can do is to lean up against mother and go to sleep."

In teaching the Bible to little children the important thing is not how many golden texts nor how many verses they learn, but the impression that the Bible story makes on them. We all know that the first few years of the child's life are the most impressionable. The Catholics say: "Give us a child until he is seven and he will be a Catholic all his life." How true this is we do not know, but we do know that the impressions of childhood remain.

I can remember when I was a little girl of dangling my feet over the high, stiff benches of the village church and hearing my teacher, a good old soul, who thought she was doing her duty in the best possible way, talk about the atonement, the sacrament, predestination, eternal punishment, and a lot more awful words (for they were nothing but words to me). I did not have the least idea what they meant, but I thought they must be something dreadful. They used to haunt me when I went to bed and they haunt me still.

You have, no doubt, often seen the white-haired grandfathers and grandmothers sit and dream by the fireside. Do you know what they think and talk about most? Not the days of their manhood and womanhood, not the struggles of middle life, but they go away back to the scenes of their childhood and live it over again. It is the impressions of childhood that are lasting.

It should be the object of all teachers to teach the truth as best they can, so that it may leave a beauiful and lasting impression on the child's mind. We, as Sunday-school teachers, have the child for one hour in one day of seven. How careful then we should be that these impressions shall be truthful, beautiful and good.

Do you know that in reaching little children and filling their minds full of the beautiful teachings of Jesus that you often reach the fathers and mothers? There are few fathers so hardened that the little innocent daughter does not influence more or less, and few mothers are there who are not quick to encourage any good lodged in the mind of her little boy.

In conclusion I want to say for the encouragement of all Sunday-school workers that you are not only doing good but you are getting good. A teacher cannot stand before the searching gaze of innocent little children. Sunday after Sunday, and not feel that she must try to live up to her best and noblest ideals.

MRS. W. A. BARNES.

The Little Seeds.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was asked recently why he devoted so large a portion of his charities to the establishment of free libraries. He replied "When I was a poor boy at work in Pittsburg, Colonel Anderson opened a little circulating library of four hundred volumes for boys. No one but he who has felt it can ever understand the intense longing with which I used to wait for Saturday to come, when I could have a new book. I resolved then if ever I had money to give away I, too, would found a library for poor boys."

Colonel Anderson, as he distributed the worn volumes among the ragged urchins every Saturday evening, had no thought of the millions which would be spent in keeping up his good work.

No man who plants a single good seed can foretell the tree which may grow from it, or the fruit which it may yield for the healing of men.—*Exchange.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XII.

Jacob in a Distant Land.

By this time it was knwn what Jacob had done. It may be that he was already sorry for it. In fact, I feel quite sure of this, because from all we know about him he had not been really a bad boy nor a bad man. He had given in to an awful temptation by permitting himself to think about something which he had no right to think of at all.

But now there was no help for it. Even if he had been sorry and desired so much to give back the birthright, according to the law of the land he could not do it. The words had been spoken; he had received the blessing, and so had to become the head of the family.

At the same time, his mother Rebekah knew quite well that Esau would be very angry, and she was afraid that in his anger Esau would rise up and kill Jacob. I hate to tell you all this about Rebekah, because in other ways she had been a good wife to Isaac. She had made the sad mistake of showing favor to one of her two sons. Now, therefore, she was going to be punished, because she would have to part with Jacob after all. She could not have him with her any longer. She would have to send her son away, and be left there with the old, blind father, Isaac, knowing that he no longer could trust her, and feeling how unhappy he must be for all the rest of his days.

So Rebekah, thinking about the safety of her son Jacob, called him to her and said: "Behold, thy brother Esau may try to kill thee; now therefore my son, obey my voice; arise, flee thou to Laban my brother, back where my home was in the land of the Chaldees. When Esau has forgotten what thou hast done to him, or his anger has passed away, then I will send word and fetch thee back again."

Jacob, now a full grown man, left his father and mother, to go far away from his home into another country, feeling somehow that even while he had the blessing of his father Isaac upon him, yet in another way, a curse must follow him.

I doubt very much if he was happy; and I should feel pretty sure that troubles would come to him some time. It is quite true that all people have trouble; yet those who do right may be happy in spite of misfortunes coming to them. But we can be sure that when troubles came to Jacob, they would be troubles indeed. He would never be able to get over the thought of the wrong he had done to his brother Esau. I am certain that the memory of it all would stay with him to the end of his days; so that whenever anything happened to him or any trouble came, he would at once think it was a punishment for the way in which he had stolen that birthright from his brother, and for the way he had deceived his old father in telling that lie when getting the blessing.

Jacob came at last to the far away country to which he had been sent, and found his uncle Laban, whom you will remember had come out years before to the well to meet the messenger of Abraham, going there to get a wife for Isaac.

This is the way the story is told to us: Jacob went on his journey and came to the land of the children of the east. And he looked, and behold a well in the field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying there by it, for out of that well they watered their flocks; and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. And thither were all the flocks gathered. And they rolled the stone from the well's mouth in its place. And Jacob said unto them: "My brethren, whence are ye? Know ye Laban, the son of Nahor?" And they said, "We know him." And he said unto them, "Is it well with him?" And they said, "It is well, and behold, Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep." And Jacob said, "Lo, it is yet high day; neither is it time for the cattle to be gathered together; water ye the sheep and go and feed them. And they said, "We cannot, till all the flocks be gathered together, and the stone be rolled from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

You can be sure that Jacob was glad at last to come to the home of his uncle Laban, although it may be that he was not quite sure how Laban would receive him. When a man has done anything wicked, he somehow feels as if everybody will know about it and will dislike him for it; although there had not been time enough for the bad action of Jacob to have reached this far country, so that Laban might know of it. Yet Jacob could not be quite sure of this, for he felt very mean and ashamed because of the way he had treated his old father and stolen the birthright from Esau.

He did not go at once, therefore, to meet Laban, but waited to see what would happen, and staid there with the flocks, talking with the men. And while he was speaking with them, Rachel, the daughter of Laban, came with her father's sheep.

You know in those days the daughters worked like the sons, in the field, helping to tend sheep along with their brothers or their father. One hears of shepherds and also of shepherdesses; and Rachel was a shepherdess, keeping her father's sheep.

As Rachel drew near with her flock, Jacob stepped forward in a manly way and rolled the stone from the well's mouth and watered the flock for her. Then he told her who he was, trembling lest perhaps she should know what he had done. But he was glad at heart when she received him kindly and rushed away at once to tell her father about it all, how the son of his sister Rebekah had traveled a long distance and come back to their home. Laban at once came out and greeted Jacob, thinking of the time a long while ago when he had parted with his dear sister Rebekah. And so he met the young man and embraced him and brought him to his house. And Jacob asked him that he might stay there for awhile and live with Laban, working for him and helping him to take care of the flocks and herds as if it were his own home.

We do not suppose he had at first intended to stay there a very long while. But he was glad enough for the kind welcome which had been given to him; and I think he was also more than glad to be away from anything which would keep making him think of the way he had cheated his brother and his old father.

Laban was quite willing to have him stay there as a member of the family, but he said to him kindly: "Because thou art a relative, my nephew, is no reason why thou shouldst work for me for nothing. Tell me what shall be thy wages?" Then Jacob began to think. He did not at first want to serve for money. When he had come to that well and rolled away the stone and helped Rachel to water her flock, he had been pleased with this young woman and thought how glad he would be to have her sometime for his wife. And now that he was in the home and saw more of Rachel, that thought came over him very often.

And so in reply to Laban's question, he said: "I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter." This seemed to please Laban and he answered: "It is better that I give her to thee than that I should give her to another man. Abide with me."

In those days it was the custom sometimes for

people of the same kindred to marry each other, although it might strike us as a little strange nowadays, this marriage between Jacob and Rachel.

But when the seven years had come to an end, the first really great blow fell upon Jacob. Up to that time he had always had his own way. He had managed to carry out a scheme and get the birthright and the blessing; and it may be that he fancied it would always be that way and that everything would go on prosperously for him all his life. But it worked just the other way. The first trouble had come.

When the seven years were up, Jacob turned to his uncle Laban and said: "My time is fulfilled: give me Rachel for my wife and let me go." Then Laban gathered together all the men of the place and they had a great feast. But when the time came for the wedding, instead of giving him Rachel, he gave him the other daughter, Leah, for his wife.

Just think how Jacob must have felt! There he had gone on, working year after year, hoping and looking forward to the time when he could have this beautiful young Rachel for his wife and then return to his native land. Now he saw that she was not to be his wife after all. I think then for the first time, it must have come over him what troubles he would have all the rest of his days, and I am sure he said to himself, "This is the beginning of my punishment."

And so Jacob turned to Laban after the feast, when Leah had been given to him for his wife, and said: "What is this that thou hast done unto me? Did I not serve thee for thy daughter Rachel? Why then hast thou deceived me?" And Laban answered, "It is not done this way here, to give the younger before the other child. Go on in your services and I will give thee the other also, Rachel, for the service which thou wilt serve with me yet another seven years."

They still had the custom I have told you about, where the man could have more than one wife; and so in those days it seemed all right that Jacob should first marry Leah, and then wait another seven years until he could have Rachel. He had been very fond indeed of the beautiful young girl who had met him at the well. Seven years seemed a long time; but he thought of the happiness in store, and if by this means he could have Rachel at the end of that time, he would be willing to serve even yet another seven years. Then too, it may have crossed his mind that if he would wait fourteen years there would be less danger when he should return home, from the anger of his brother Esau.

And Jacob served another seven years, and at last had Rachel for his wife. I suspect he began to know what it meant for people to deceive him, just as he had deceived his old father. How long after this Jacob may have staid with Laban in the land of the Chaldees I do not know; but it was quite a number of years, until he had a large family—some twelve sons altogether. At last he made up his mind to leave Laban and return to his native home.

And so he gathered his children together and all his flocks and herds—for he too, had now become a rich man—and he felt he must go back to become the head of the family in Canaan. It was his duty to do this now, whether he cared for it or not, inasmuch as he had received the blessing, and the law of the land made it so that he could not give it away even if he wanted to.

Just after the birth of his youngest boy, Joseph, Jacob said unto Laban, "Send me away that I may go unto mine own place, into mine own country. Give me my wives and my children, for whom I have served thee, and let me go, for thou knowest my service wherewith I have served thee." Then Laban askd him what wages he desired besides his daughters which he had given to Jacob. And Jacob made this reply: "I will pass through all thy flocks today, removing from thence every speckled and spotted one, and every black one among the sheep, and the spotted and speckled among the goats, and of such shall be my hire." And Laban said, "Behold, be it according to thy word." And then Jacob departed with Leah and Rachel and his sons with all their flocks and herds, and came back to the land of Canaan.

But there was one thing that troubled Jacob very much. He knew that Esau was there, that he would have to meet him; and he was not quite sure, even if he should ask forgiveness, just how he would be received. By this time of course, he had no need of the wealth of his father, because he had much property of his own. But there was no way of getting out of it. He had deceived his old father and stolen the birthright from his brother.

All this must have spoiled the pleasure of this home-coming, in spite of the fact that he now had all the wealth he wanted, and his wives and children with him. He could not be happy, for he kept thinking, "What will Esau say? How will he act? Will Esau forgive me?" At last he could think of no other way than to send messengers on ahead to Esau, announcing his coming, bidding them to say to Esau: "Thus saith thy servant, Jacob: I have sojourned with Laban and staid until now, and I have oxen and asses and flocks, and men servants and maid servants, and I have sent to tell my lord that I may find grace in thy sight." And the messengers went on and found Esau and told him of the coming of Jacob, and returned again, saying: "We came to thy brother Esau, and now he cometh to meet thee with four hundred men with him."

You can fancy what a state of mind Jacob must have been in. The messengers could not say in what sort of a mood Esau was. They could not tell him whether Esau was going to be kind and forgiving, or whether he was coming with all these men to attack Jacob and kill him. And we are sure that Jacob feared the worst, because his conscience troubled him very much.

But there was nothing for him to do but to go on with his family and his flocks and herds, until he should come up with Esau and they should meet as brothers.

The first thing he did was to pick out a large number of sheep and cattle from the flocks and herds, along with other wealth, and to send this on as a present to Esau, saying to the messengers: "When Esau, my brother, meeteth thee and asketh thee, Who art thou, and Whither goest thou? and Whose are these also? Then thou shalt say, They be thy servant Jacob's; it is a present sent unto my lord Esau." And so Jacob thought to himself; I will do my best to please him with the presents I will send on; and when I come to see his face, it may be that he will receive me and that we will again become brothers.

At this time, it seems, Jacob's name was changed. It may be because he had really changed in character. His conscience had troubled him a great deal, I suppose, and he had made up his mind that for the rest of his days he would try to be a good and true man. The Ruler of the World, who had known what was going on all the while, must have felt sorry indeed about him, and was glad now, I suppose, to see that a change had come in the character of Jacob. And so he decided to give him another name, and told him that hereafter he was to be called Israel, and that his family and those who should come after him should be called Israelites.

In the meantime, there was Jacob with his new name, Israel, waiting for the coming of Esau, and he looked up, and behold, there was Esau drawing nigh, and with him the four hundred men. Then, leaving his wife and children behind him, Jacob went forward and bowed down humbly seven times before his broth-

er. There was nothing else for him to do. If his brother should come forward to kill him, he would not resist. He would wait and accept whatever happened.

And how do you suppose Esau acted? Years had gone by, and his anger had passed away. He too had his own flocks and herds, his own family and his own wealth. He was more than glad to meet his brother again, and so Esau ran forward and threw his arms around Jacob, and they wept together. Then after awhile, he raised his eyes and saw the women and children before him, and asked: "Who are these with thee?" And Jacob told him they were his family. Then the children drew near, and the wives, Leah and Rachel, and they bowed down to Esau. Then Esau asked, "What does all this mean—this company which has come out to me?" And Jacob answered: "To find grace in thy sight." And Esau put out his hand and said: "I have enough; my brother, let that thou hast be thine."

This was a hard blow to Jacob; very hard indeed. He wanted somehow to make up for the awful wrong he had done to his brother; and he felt it would be something if he could only make a gift of some kind to Esau. So he pleaded, saying: "Now I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, then receive my present at my hand, inasmuch as I have seen thy face, and I am glad to meet thee. Take, I pray thee, my gift that is brought thee, because I have enough."

Do you think Esau ought to have taken it? He did not care for it. Then too, if he did receive it, perhaps it would seem as if, after all, it made up for the loss of his birthright. I fancy many a man would have refused it and said, "This is too much; I cannot take the gift, for I cannot let it seem as if I had never been wronged in that way."

But not so with Esau. He had forgiven his brother; and so he accepted the gift. Then Esau went back to his own home, and Jacob arrived with his flocks and herds, and all his family once more in the land of Canaan, where, long before, his father Isaac and his mother Rebekah had been buried in the family tomb, the cave at Machpelah.

To the Teacher: Carefully show here a certain good side to Jacob in his readiness to "serve" for Rachel, pointing out what a mixed character we discover in him. The feeling to be aroused about Jacob would be rather one of pity or at times of contempt. Make the young people see that to be pitied for weakness of character is almost as bad as to be despised. Dwell upon the disposition to deceit in those days, in Jacob's experience with Laban, and how he got just what he deserved. Ask the question as to whether Esau should have accepted the gift offered to him. Let the children have their own opinions upon it. Show a picture, if possible, of Jacob meeting Esau. Fix definitely in the memories of the young people the importance of the change of name to "Israel." These are incidents of value in the knowledge to be acquired by the children.

Memory Verse: — *I have enough; my brother, let that thou hast be thine.*

To G. S.

What shall I speak, what phrases here compose,
To tell the love that gathers close, and flows
Up to the very lips, but cannot pass?

* * * * * * * * *

I love you, and it is for more than this
That you have suffered. Where no fruitage is,
And naught there seems put forth, the very tree
Itself, entire, a noble fruit may be.

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Life is but life, and who the secret finds
Of living as you live, in silence binds
(For God and those of us who understand)
About her brows a halo from the hand
Of Christ himself, and bears a lily wand.

—*Philip Henry Savage.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Heroines of Fiction.

Mr. Howells's general attitude towards the different schools and kinds of fiction is well known to all well-instructed people. He is for the realists against the romancers, and still more against the romanticists, a distinction that will be found immensely significant as we go on from one chapter to another of his delightful book. It would, however, be a great mistake to imagine that to know his general attitude is to be able to anticipate what he has written here, and to hold it negligible without serious loss. In the extent of these two generous octavos he is able to express his opinions much more fully than in his more casual utterances heretofore, with much more of necessary modification. We find the realism of his heart's desire to be as different from the realism of Zola and some others as the romance of Hawthorne from the romanticism of Mrs. Radcliffe. Besides we find that he is able to express his doubts of George Eliot and Thackeray and Scott without failing to recognize their very great abilities, and while finding much to admire in special characters and special traits, some of which are confirmatory of his general view. There does not, however, seem to us a sufficient realization of the degree to which fiction is an expression of the social tendencies in the midst of which it is produced. Scott's novels, for example, came in upon the tide of a mediæval reaction of which another expression was the Oxford Movement. It is difficult to imagine Mr Howells's ideal fiction as being produced during such a reaction. It is quite possible that if Jane Austen had written her novels in the next twenty years following those corresponding to their production she would have been subdued to the romantic period that she worked in, more or less. Leastwise the comparative indifference to her while Scott was fulminating over Great Britain and America is proof positive that Scott was writing "that the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed" in sympathy with his environment and time.

But I must not forget that Mr. Howells's subject is "Heroines of Fiction," a line in which his own creation has not been generally regarded as particularly strong. To women especially he has been often, not to say generally, unsatisfactory. They have accused him of tarring all women with one brush and that dipped in a purely personal conviction of their inconsequential character, the incoherency of their conduct and ideas. He has indeed made himself periculously amenable to this charge. He has given us so many examples of a particular type that it has been only natural that many should conceive that he identifies his type with the "ever-womanly." But should a critic of Mr. Howells's perspicacity make an elaborate criticism of his heroines, he would, I am persuaded, find that there are not only many variations in his novels from his favorite type, but also many variations within its liberal scope; even here each woman individualized and not merely another purely typical expression.

Mr. Howells long since confessed himself a voracious consumer of novels, in which respect he differs widely from Mr. Cable, whose novel-reading has been extremely limited. But even Mr. Howells's appetite has not had the range of Macaulay's, whose liking for Jane Austen did not prevent his liking the poorest trash that was published under the form of fiction in his time. Mr. Howells has not only stopped short of trash, but he has refrained from books that some of us would not willingly let die, "Lorna Doone," for example; and of "George Meredith" he knows only "Beauchamp's Career." It seems to me that we had a

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Heroines of Fiction. By William Dean Howells. 2 vols., cloth, 8vo. Illustrated. 1901. Harper & Brothers. $3.75 net.

right to expect his correction of these idiosyncrasies before printing his book.

Theodore Brown, of Worcester, said that it was better to miss hearing Emerson than to hear anyone else, and it is better to disagree with Mr. Howells than it would be to agree with most others. Many, I am sure, will sometimes disagree with him on the way from Evelina to Marjorie Daw; more perhaps when they come to Thackeray than at any other point. At this point I commend my readers to Mr. Brownell's plea for Thackeray in his "Victorian Prose Masters" where a general sympathy with Mr. Howells's point of view does not prevent him from accepting Thackeray's obtrusion of his personality into his novels as something that could not well be spared. It is certainly very different from Trollope's brutal insistence that he is writing novels and not describing actual persons and events. Yet Trollope goes unwhipped of justice while Thackeray is severely punished. It should of course be said that Trollope made his characters so real that we had to believe in them even while assured that they were lies, yet we may well hesitate to accept Mr. Howells's judgment that Trollope and George Eliot, not Thackeray and Dickens, were the characteristic Victorian novelists. I should say Thackeray and George Eliot, though not without a grave suspicion of the truth of Dickens's liquor-swilling, table-stuffing representation of the English middle and lower class. It is certain that with all his qualifications Mr. Howells has for George Eliot lofty, if not sufficient, praise. He does her much fuller justice than does Mr. Brownell. I doubt not he is right in thinking that Romola is a modern English woman with an Italian name, but does not his generosity become excessive when its mantle wraps Will Ladislaw in its liberal fold? But everywhere Mr. Howells permits himself "the delights of admiration" more cordially than the scourging of defects. He takes no pleasure in the death of the romanticist. And it is something fine to go along with him in his whole-hearted enthusiasm for the things of which he most approves.

He has not written a "Novel-Reader's Complete Guide" but a book that will bring back to many the pleasure they have had in the long line of novels that come up before him for their (to him) appropriate praise or blame. Where his readers are not already qualified they will make haste to be so, as I have done already, buying a copy of "Evelina" in Dent's beautiful edition, this being I believe the only novel on his list, except H. B. Fuller's "In the Procession," that I have not read. (Reading the proof of this, I think of several others). I should like nothing better than to go somewhere, far from the madding crowd, with a library made up of all the novels on which he comments, and read them with his comment in the order in which they pass him in review, with, by way of protest, a few others.

These volumes should have had an index, because there are a good many allusions to books and authors which are not covered by the table of contents. The illustrations are for the most part well conceived, but here and there with the artist's habitual indifference to the text. Thus Daisy Miller in the text wears no hat and her parasol has a liberal flounce. In the picture the flounce is lacking and the hat is there—made from the flounce, perhaps. (Mr. Howells's tribute to Daisy Miller is one of the most daring in his book and one of the best deserved.) Becky Sharp is not at all the Becky Sharp of Thackeray's own drawings, but she is vastly better. Dickens's Dora is a conspicuous failure—a riotous "old girl"; and, as if Mr. Howells's treatment of Henry Esmond were not sufficiently unkind, the artist has set him up with a preposterous wooden leg. There are, however, few exceptions to the rule of excellent and pleasurable effect. J. W. C.

Some New Books.

Dr. Carus' later stories have not reached the delicate beauty of his *Karma*, but *The Crown of Thorns* certainly ranks next to it. The author has worked out a quaint conception. The gardener, who tries to show the fallacy of Christ's question "Do men gather grapes of thorns?" unwittingly provides the very branch from which the sufferer's crown was turned. He and his neighbor Zebedee, James and John, Jesus, Longinus—captain of the Roman forces—Pilate, two malefactors who were crucified with Christ, and Paul, are the characters in the story. The desire to give a natural and lively background to facts, which have lost some of their force through frequent reiteration in stereotyped phrase, is well carried out. The relation of Christ's gospel to the religious thought and the philosophies of the time is thrown into prominence.

In their Religion of Science Library, the Open Court Co. are reprinting a series of famous writings under the title of *Philosophical Classics*. Works by Hume, Berkeley and Descartes have already appeared in the series. Recently an edition of Descartes' *Meditations*, with selections from his *Principles*, has been issued. The translation has been carefully made from the Latin and French texts by Prof. Veitch, late of the University of Glasgow. His work has been done well and the translation is not marred by obscurities due to incompetence. The six famous "Meditations" are presented in their entirety: of the "Principles," the whole of the first part is given, and portions of the second, third, and fourth parts. An interesting essay on Descartes, from L. Levy Bruhl, is prefixed to the text and copies of the original title-pages of Descartes are inserted. Notes are appended, in which certain passages in the text, which might not now be clear, are discussed and explained. The book is calculated to be helpful to the student who wishes to study, at first-hand, the works of the great Frenchman. Descartes so profoundly changed the method of thought and argument, and suggested so clearly the reasoning that has led to modern science, that his works will ever have an especial interest.

The elaborate and expensive advertising matter now issued by some of the great railroads is astonishing: the matter itself is frequently deserving of preservation. The booklet on the Snake-Dance issued by the Santa Fe road is worthy a place in a private library; the Northern Pacific has issued a pamphlet in which its curious emblem is explained with a wealth of illustration and curious information. We have before us a neatly-bound volume with many attractive pictures, and much matter, convenient for reference. It is largely a book about Indians, and, while compiled by one who is not a careful student and containing some astonishing statements, is readable. The history of the great Northwest and of the Northwestern Railroad are interestingly detailed. Good maps and useful tabulations of statistical matter are presented.

FREDERICK STARR.

The wages of sin are always paid right on time.

The muzzle does not cure the dog of madness.

The Crown of Thorns: A Story of the Time of Christ. By Paul Carus. Illustrations by Eduard Biedermann. 16°, pp. 74. 1901. Chicago: The Open Court Company. $1.00.

Descartes' Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy. 8°, pp. xxxiii., 248. 1901. Chicago: Open Court Company. 35 cents.

The Indian, the Northwest and Northwestern: The red man—the war man—the white man. 16°, pp. 114. 1901. Chicago: C. & N.-W. R. R.

Higher Living.—XXII.

Perhaps the age will bear it if for once we do leave our inveterate presupposition of man's innate corruption unregarded, and dare let self-expression trained as it is through a long growth of ennobling and Christianizing ideas, be large and untrammelled.—*Genung.*

The object of education is, or ought to be, to provide some exercise for capacities, true direction for tendencies, and through this exercise and this direction to furnish the mind with such knowledge as may contribute to the usefulness, the beauty, and the nobility of life.—*Tyndall.*

The object of education should be commensurate with the object of life. It should be a moral one; to teach self-trust; to inspire the youthful man with interest in himself; with a curiosity touching his own nature; to acquiant him with the resources of his own mind; and to teach him that there is all his strength, and influence him with a piety towards the Grand Mind in which he lives. Thus would education conspire with the Dame Providence.—*Emerson.*

Concomitant with children's activities is the penchant to aggressive inquiry. Who has not quailed before the deep, searching questions of the child—who has not been perplexed, gotten tired out and despairing because of them? But here, always, not repression but direction is the law. Never repress the desire to know; for just at this time is the surest time for learning. If the specific question cannot be answered at all, say so decisively, and not equivocally, or evasively, or by referring it to some realm of mystery. Likewise, if not able to answer at present, say so; yet, express a proper interest in the subject, and also the hope that sometime you may know how; and remember religiously to make good every promise of such a future answer. It may be worth hours of research, miles of travel, the deepest thinking, simply to prepare yourself to give the child the right answer; for, upon it, and the reflection prompted by it, may hinge his whole future weal or woe. In this way, more than in all others, can the parent and teacher keep the confidence of children, and inspire them to habits of integrity. As soon, however, as the child is old enough, instead of furnishing an answer offhand, let him be shown how to get one out for himself.

The trouble too frequently nowadays is, that children have everything so provided for their accommodation that they do not learn to solve difficulties or overcome them for themselves. Indeed, much could be said absolutely in favor of even going back to the old-time home and school, where children simply had to work out their own progress or not get it at all. However, it is neither no help nor superfluous help that they really need; but the right kind of help at opportune moments. Hence, the unanswerable questions that grow out of contact with persons, and things, and books, that arise in the field, at the circus, at church, everywhere, will never be half answered until the child by his own investigations gets it out fully for himself. Ready at hand answers to every inquiry do not help him at all correspondingly to the truer way. Again, it ought to be the rule that when answers are once given or ascertained, they should be frequently referred to in proper connections afterward. In this way they become part and parcel of the child's mental furnishing and power. Indeed, there is a loud call for the fostering of a little more conversational freedom as well as intellectuality, and a little more companionship along lines not of sensuous attachment but of ideational clarification and support. This is exactly what childhood, so active and so inquiring, needs. Nor should this be for so-called "spiritual" results simply, or chiefly. The old-time Sunday companionship over the Bible was one-sided, but yet thoroughly cultural in many good ways. Let the newer-time comradeship be over all the books, and comings, and goings, and puzzles, and facts, and even fads of the child's everyday life. Live with these little folk in all the unfolding of their lives; and, later, they will live with you, in sweetest devotion, as you reach forward to the higher life of your young-old day.

Muscular activity and verbal inquiry are of one and the same nature in that they both express the spirit of investigation, which, as already said, is on many accounts the most promotive characteristic of the self. Hence, aside from exceptional instances, where the activity is only an expression of irritability, and the questioning only a lazy, quizzing habit, both these developmental agencies of the selfhood are to be always respected according to their real, and not their apparent, worth; and, likewise, are to be persistently turned into channels that are useful as well as gratifying. For it sometimes happens that even adults, who may be both active and quizzical, still get little or no lasting results from these whatever. Many times such people are simply bores, to be tolerated just as far as necessity or interest requires, and no further. When this is likely to be the case with children, it should be the close concern of parents and all other culturers, to not only discountenance, but to attempt to break up a habit which may soon become a nuisance, and to create a serviceable, useful habit of right inquiry in its stead. This can be done by requiring definitions of both the language and conduct concerned, a most industrious self-seeking for the right answer, and then, by demanding in conclusion a thorough account of what has really been ascertained or done. The spirit of inquiry and the excess of activity may thus both be disciplined to requisite proportions, and yet not be suppressed or disorganized in the process of so doing. The principle underlying every correct management of these fundamental traits of childhood is, that the child shall be left to be as self-active, and consequently as self-realizable as possible, while at the same time he is helped and not hindered in this vital process.

This principle, properly conceived and applied, marks the difference between education and schooling—between timely growth and untimely arrest or perversion of growth at premature points. And this holds just as true of adults as of children. Not suppression and prohibition, but direction and regulation are the prime conditions of all growth, whether early in life, or later.

This being so, it is profitable to consider more carefully still that which characterizes the fundamental life principle more than anything else and consequently needs attention all along, namely, its untiring effort to express itself in accordance with the laws of its being, not alone in children but in adults as well. The old definition of life was this: the sum of all the forces which oppose the tendency to death. "Forever alive forever forward" would seem to have been written in the heart of all organic matter from the very first. Nothing that is otherwise—inorganic, mechanical, subversive or opposite,—can successfully cheat life of its tendency to expression, without damaging the integrity of its history, many times beyond repair. "I will overcome, I will overcome," saith this Lord of the universe; and happy those only who recognize the fact, and conspire with Him in the right way. No, we do not live by repression but by expression of nearly everything if not all that is within us. This is the way we bless the holy name of Him who is life itself. "But, suppose I am weak, and sinful, and selfish, and contrary-minded to the rest of the world," you ask. "Would you say express yourself, notwithstanding?" Well, as a living cricket is better than a dead canary, so would I say: Be from your very soul alive. There is a place for all genuine, truly human expression, and it is always met half-way by a no less truly divine greeting and help. Better be well in soul, even with the possibility of mis-

take, or with contumely and neglect just before, than to be dying always, even in the midst of ever so satisfying complacency and praise. This implies that the need of every hour is a courage, which does not come by inspiration, but by the glow of a continuous expression of one's true self. And so with the circumstances that persistently cramp and hinder and exhaust;—the heart that has been wont to express its own strength has grown by this most natural, although most painful, exercise to a stature which is capable of enduring all, and of transforming all into added strength still.

For want of proper expression—body, conduct, thought-energizing, heart-loving,—people grow narrow, crabbed, disgruntled and sepulchral; and the world is full of such, mostly made so in obedience to notions and practices conceived and perpetuated by eccentrics and cowards of every species imaginable. But the day is, when opportunity to express the hidden springs within, must be considered the fullest revelation of God, and the highest achievement of man. At any rate, the lesson of the inner life of very many people is that repression has been the fruitful breeding place of all that is untoward; and that expression in some wholesome, hearty, lawful way is just the preparation of both spirit and body which will assure the permanent realization of health and prosperity. It is said that old Asculapius was rewarded for his skill in curing the king's daughter by a gift of the daughter herself. Express yourself skillfully, and your reward shall be not a king's daughter, but your own royal self.

Hence, do there awaken great human longings that would carry you above or outside the pale of common notions and endeavors; let there be no hesitancy in trying to see what this means, nor in making rational attempts to realize it, providing always that the way opens which does not lie over the hearts of the greater humanity. Has someone a seemingly new idea, aspiration or method in respect of, no matter what subject or undertaking? Let him boldly announce it, even though it bring scorn and desertion from his best beloved. There has never yet been a thought, or a plan, or a work, but that has been born in spite of conventional repression and prohibition; and has not the world finally and always crowned those who have thus dared to declare their unique insight, and realize its guidance? Again, doth the burden of the commonplace, whether authoritative or dogmatic, or vaguely threatening, bear thee down to suffocation and faintness? Let the movements of God in thine own soul—so thou are sure they be His, and not thine own,—freely have sway; the moral order, the intellectual reign, the physical need will not be jeopardized, but restrained and yet fulfilled as never before. Is it sickness either of body or mind, or of both, that comes and crushes, even when you feel that all within is ready to burst forth in something you are sure the world needs, did it but have a chance? Let the smiles of heaven encourage you while you show forth your best; the dreadful annihilation will never come.

But how can we properly express ourselves if we are neither rightly educated for so doing, nor find ourselves in the place and occupation which rightly admits of it? Taking the world as it goes, it may be said that, at least, a very large proportion of people are neither prepared for the life they ought to live, nor engaged in the work they are properly endowed for doing, nor living where they can really express themselves, according, either to their own natural bent, or to the best conventional culture. In all these instances, there is not only failure of adequate expression, and loss of all the genuine development and happiness which depend upon this, but there is a progressive sickening of the whole being from body to soul; and, eventually, there almost necessarily result listlessness, despair, and questionable conduct, oftentimes beyond rescue or repair. In view of this it should be the supreme decision, the most strenuous endeavor, the aim of all the generations, to find the growth, the work, yes, the hope which shall best offer opportunity for the fullest possible expression of the life within. Ethical feeling and conduct, as well as health and longevity, depend more on this one thing than has as yet been thought of in our vital philosophy; happiness is certainly not very truly realized without it; and for want of it, hope wilts by the way, long before anything like fruition can possibly be realized.

SMITH BAKER.

Father and Daughter.

The benefit of close companionship between a father and daughter can hardly be overestimated, says a recent writer in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. While it may be conceded that the mother has finer spiritual and moral sensibilities, the girl can gain from the masculine side of the house a breadth of thought and a healthiness of mind which will serve as a fine foil to her more feminine qualities. While denying the superiority of the father over the mother in this capacity, there is no doubt that the daughter would benefit greatly did she confide to him any matters which she now withholds.

Men know men and look at them without the glamour of romance or sentiment. The man whom men trust will, as a rule, be worthy of a woman's confidence. Fewer mistakes will be made matrimonially when the father comes to consider it his duty not only to object to undesirable acquaintances when it is too late, but also to see that his daughter meets desirable men.

The many admirers of the work of Francesca Alexander, whose latest book, "The Hidden Servants," has gone through five editions, will be interested in the following description by the Venice correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*. Miss Alexander had been spending a month in Venice with her mother, to avoid the heat of Florence, where their home is.

"She is a noble-looking woman of sixty, and her mother has arrived at the ripe age of eighty-seven. Miss Alexander's father was an American portrait painter, who brought his family over to Florence, where they have now lived for half a century. Miss Alexander speaks Italian as well as English, and in her summers spent in the Apennines she has learned to know and love the Italian contadini. She has written of their simple, pathetic lives in a way which has brought her great literary distinction. There is no one in Italy who knows these peasants in their home life as does she. Her first book, so much praised by Mr. Ruskin, was written in prose; her last book, 'Hidden Servants,' was written in verse. This latter, which has won the praise of Dean Farrar, and which brings her letters of appreciation from all over the world, was refused by four publishers (Macmillan and Longmans & Green in England), and finally accepted by a Boston firm, Little & Brown. Poetry is always looked at doubtfully by publishers, but these quaint legends, put into simple verse, seem to have touched the human heart everywhere. Dean arrar wrote to Miss Alexander that he knew of one pessimistic agnostic who was converted to Christianity by reading these charming little poems. Until the last year Miss Alexander was obliged to dictate all her manuscripts, as she has had serious trouble with her eyes, but she is much better now, and we hope that the literary world will have more of her admirable work."

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

RECENT LECTURES IN GENEVA.—That the famous old city on Lake Leman, notwithstanding its large foreign population, both permanent and floating, notwithstanding its Casino, its gambling tables and other mundane attractions which try the souls and disquiet the consciences of its more thoughtful inhabitants, still holds a constituency alive to high issues, and willing to be preached to to a remarkable extent, is evidenced by the large number of lectures delivered there and the extended notice given to them by the press. In the month of December alone we may note the Loysons, father and son, appearing together in the Hall of the Reformation to discuss protection against immoral literature, the widely heralded lecture of M. Brunetière on the "Work of Calvin," and a series of three lectures by the Rev. Wilfred Monod, pastor in Rouen.

Mr. Charles Loyson (Père Hyacinthe) has long been a great favorite in Geneva, and his appearance with his son drew an audience which filled the large Hall of the Reformation even to the second gallery. Mr. Paul Loyson seems to have been the principal speaker, treating at length the place of love in human society, and the legitimate field, or function, of literary art. He defined this as the unprejudiced study of the great passions which stir humanity, both as to their causes and their effects. He gave a large place to art as such, but scored unmercifully those works which, under the name of art, aim at financial success by pandering to the lower and sensual instincts of humanity. An antidote for these must be found in the unanimous protest of decent people, and still more in the education of the rising generation, the teaching of boys and girls in a Christian, scientific way certain things which they need to know and should not be left to pick up at random from chance conversations or from books. It was the elder Loyson, however, who met the warmest reception, and who took the audience into his confidence—as he seems prone to do with a Geneva audience of late years—by casting a grateful backward glance over the years, which have realized his wildest hopes by giving him a son, not merely flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, but son also of his spirit, to carry on his work. This must have been a thrilling and tender moment to those who have watched the career of this man from the time of his secession from the Roman Catholic church until now. Mastering his emotion, Père Hyacinthe spoke eloquently of his fatherland, which, if its present literary standing be questionable, yet gave greatness to Geneva, Holland, England and America by the gift of one of its sons, John Calvin. He extolled the pure worship of womanhood, and exhorted young men to be their own defenders against temptations which would degrade them and rob them of their noblest powers.

Mr. Brunetière's discourse was published in extenso in the *Journal des Débats* of December 18, but no full notes of it have reached us. Readers interested in his views will find an extended critique on the literary work of Calvin in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October, 1900.

Attention has more than once been called in these columns to the important work along the lines of Christian socialism carried on by Protestant French pastors in the cities of Lille and Ronbaix. Through the discourses of the Rev. Wilfred Monod, of Rouen, breathes the same spirit. His recent lectures on the Christianity of the past; dogmatism, the Christianity of tomorrow; messianism, and a third on pauperism are all filled with the modern enthusiasm for ideals of social service; while the remark made above as to the interest of Genevans in high themes is justified by the fact that M. Monod could hold an audience for an hour and a quarter and even an hour and three-quarters attentive to the presentation of such topics, and columns are given to reports of them in local papers.

M. Monod characterized the Christianity of yesterday as essentially dogmatic. The three churches: Greek, Roman and Protestant, have this much in common; a personal and posthumous salvation and a religion dependent on belief. While the Protestant church even was not at first able to free itself wdom the fetters of dogmatism, the Reformation was the expression of a principle which will eventually burst the old limitations. From an ethical point of view dogmatism must be considered as destructive of the love of liberty and the spirit of toleration. Socially it may be summed up in two words: absolutism and anarchy; Christian society being compared to a flock constantly tending to disperse and only kept together by the teeth of the watch-dog. Dogmatism has not been able to da away with war; rather, being itself essentially combative, it has been provocative of war in countless instances. It has attempted to justify the differences between rich and poor, and has never seriously set itself to the extinction of want and misery.

The Christianity of tomorrow, the reformation of traditional Christianity, implies three elements: a disavowal, a return to the Messiah, a program. The three great churches of the Christian world need formally to disavow the Christianity of the past and wash their hands of the blood which stains them. Such a disavowal will be the starting point of a new work of evangelization. The return to Christ will be in some sort a fundamental taking up again of the Reformation by going back directly to the founder of Christianity. The Christianity of the gospel is more than a religion, it s a lfe. The idea of individual salvation is true but inadequate, for the individual cannot be saved alone, he is an integral part of humanity. The Messianic program implies an ethical reform based on this conception of human solidarity. The ideas of justice, liberty, pity, solidarity, which have found expression in the last one hundred and five years as never before, must receive new and forceful extension and development. The church must take its righteous place once more in regard to social questions and be able to say to socialists: It is not for us to come over to you, but for you to rise to our program of complete and universal liberation.

The most striking thing perhaps in his lecture on pauperism was his program for the formation of a league for its abolition. Let ten, twenty, or thirty persons organize a volunteer association for this purpose in any community. Let them first devote themselves for two months to noting everything that they know or can learn about conditions in their own locality. In this way they will acquire power of observation and a store of first hand documentary evidence. Then let them take up a systematic investigation of the different trades, professions, etc.; their average earnings, the education given to their children, the average mentality of each group. Then a scientific study of these results will lead to action. In the United States there are various communities organized on the co-operation principle, but where can the elements of such a community be more naturally found than at the table of the Lord's supper? Suppose one should say: Each time that I go to the communion table I will invite some poor child to my own or I will send food to some family in need.

M. Monod closed this discourse, as he began it, with the words of Father Gratry: "I ask of the world of today but one thing, the resolute determination to abolish want."

M. E. H.

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